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THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

## Forgetting a Remembrance.

The project of raising and removing the  
wreck of the old Maine in Havana Harbor  
is fraught with more difficulties than an  
agreement upon the legislation means to  
that end. No less than five bills have  
been introduced at this session of Congress  
with this object in view, one bill  
proposing to erect a submarine foundation  
and construct a monument over the  
remnant of the wreck as a permanent  
memorial to the dead, regardless of one  
of the reasons advanced in vigorous lan-  
guage by former Gov. Magoon, that the  
removal of the wreck is necessary to get  
rid of an obstruction to harbor naviga-  
tion. Mr. Magoon described the procras-  
tination of this government in the matter  
as "a national reproach and an inter-  
national scandal."

The naval authorities have not lacked  
for suggestions from the usual respon-  
sible and ingenious sources as an aid  
to the task. Most of these gratuitous recom-  
mendations are impracticable, and the  
experts are at a loss to determine the  
cost of the work, to say nothing of the  
best method to pursue. The most accept-  
able project involves the construction  
of a cofferdam around the entire wreck  
and the pumping out of the water within  
the inclosure. This would require the  
piecemeal removal of the forward part  
of the wreck, which is badly shattered,  
and enable the floating away of the rear part.  
This process would cost fully half a mil-  
lion dollars, and it is safe to say the ex-  
pense would exceed that sum should there  
be special difficulties encountered. The  
Navy Department and had bids, from  
various people who wish to raise the  
wreck, varying in amount from nearly  
\$1,000,000 to less than \$500,000, which  
gives an idea of the uncertainty prevailing  
among practical people concerning the  
project.

There is a difference of opinion among  
naval officers, as presumably among mem-  
bers of Congress, as to the wisdom of  
raising the wreck, due to the apprehen-  
sion entertained in some quarters that  
there will be disclosures of an embarrass-  
ing sort to this government. There are  
those, however, who are able to take the  
more liberal view that such a reason  
should not stand in the way of removing  
from Havana Harbor this menace to nav-  
igation and a spectacle which must al-  
ways be pathetic to the American be-  
holder.

This government ought to be big enough  
and brave enough to face the facts, what-  
ever they may be, and it assuredly will not  
alter history to any material extent to  
ascertain, thus tardily, that the Maine  
was destroyed by an internal explosion  
instead of by an exterior mine. That is a  
sort of fear which should no longer domi-  
nate Congress or the Navy Department  
in removing the wreck with as little loss  
of time and as much expenditure of the  
public funds as are necessary.

## How the Elephant Got His Trunk.

We all know the elephant has a trunk.  
As boys and girls we learned this at the  
circus, where the most awe-inspiring  
sight was the mastodon, with the long  
tusks and the proboscis that kept sweep-  
ing around in search for peanuts. A  
scientific knowledge of mammals is not  
necessary; our observation was sufficient.  
The elephant has a trunk; that is ob-  
vious.

A current periodical contains a learned  
article by a scientist on how our pachy-  
derm friend acquired his proboscis. After  
reading a page or two one is prone to  
yawn and turn to the baseball column and  
find out how many hits "Germany" Schae-  
fer made at Norfolk, or to the first page  
and learn at just what angle Speaker  
Cannon's cigar is tilted to day. It may  
be that the curator of a museum of nat-  
ural history is interested in the scienti-  
fic demonstration of a self-evident  
phenomenon, but not so the layman.

To some it may be highly interesting  
to know that the paleomastodon is a  
"pug-like" mammal with an elongated  
bony face, the tusks of moderate size  
at the lower jaw, not projecting more  
than a few inches beyond them, so that  
the proboscis is quite short and rests  
well on it. At great length it is demon-  
strated that the "typical dentition" in  
this prehistoric animal has the same  
general characteristics as that of the  
present day elephant.

Here is a clue to the whole plot. Nature  
gave this animal tusks, and, therefore,  
had to supply some means of taking  
food. We learn this as we proceed. The  
megatherium has no trunk, but the head  
and face of an ordinary "hooded" animal.  
This is detailed in an elaborate manner  
and leads up to the next step, when the  
two upper front teeth have grown so  
long that the lips are useless. The transition  
from the paleomastodon to the  
megatherium is gradual, and the suspense  
is like one of Henry James' novels.  
But the progress toward the elephant  
is sure, despite its slowness.

It is impossible to follow all the steps,  
but we hope sufficient has been indic-  
ated to explain the complete series.

The transition from the "beast of Meris"  
to the tridentate mammalian ances-  
tor of Jumbo and his kin is in such  
logical sequence that he who reads can  
understand. At least so we are told  
by the scientist. No effort of the imagi-  
nation is needed, we are informed; and  
this sets our mind at rest and puts us  
at ease. Otherwise we would still be  
floundering about in technical phrases.

The process of evolution first elongated  
to a prodigious length the short muzzle  
(upper and lower jaw). Then the lower  
jaw shrunk and became shorter than at  
the start, and the rest of the muzzle  
(front part of the upper jaw and the  
nostrils) dropped as the mobile muscular  
elephant's trunk!

There you are. Simple, isn't it?

By the way, how would you like to  
meet an elephant in the street late at  
night on your way home? A Washing-  
ton man had such an experience once.  
No; he was not returning from a banquet.  
The animal had escaped from his  
keepers en route to a train that was  
taking the circus away. That particular  
elephant had a trunk and tusks such as  
the scientist describes, of course.

## A Navy Lobby?

There appears to be necessity for action  
on the part of the Navy Department con-  
cerning the allegations which have been  
made by Representative Tawney, chair-  
man of the House Appropriations Com-  
mittee, against the naval officers on duty  
in the Hydrographic Office. The legisla-  
tive appropriation bill as it has passed  
the House contains a clause which pro-  
hibits the use of any of the public funds  
in the Hydrographic Office in which there  
are detailed or employed more than one  
naval officer at any one time. It was  
first intended by Mr. Tawney that the  
prohibition should be more specific, but  
this was ruled out on a point of order  
and for the reason that it interfered with  
the prerogatives of the head of the Navy  
Department. The substituted clause is  
no less an interference, in the end, and  
accomplishes what was originally intended  
by Mr. Tawney.

It was in the course of the debate on  
this subject in the House of Representa-  
tives that Mr. Tawney called attention to  
the number of naval officers who were  
engaged on work which might better be  
done by civilians, and he said:  
"A commander, chief of a division,  
charged with the responsible duty of  
mailing charts to observers, mariners, and  
naval officers! A man on the active list  
who ought to be serving on a ship or on  
the sea, where the government educated  
him to serve, is serving here as chief of  
a little division charged with the duty and  
responsibility of distributing the charts  
that are manufactured and printed for  
the Hydrographic Office, a service an  
office boy with ordinary intelligence could  
perform."

He went on to say that this was true  
of every naval officer in the bureau, with  
the exception of the hydrographer, and it  
was in this connection that he alleged  
that a systematic lobby had been estab-  
lished by the Hydrographic Office. He  
produced a personal letter from Com-  
mander Knapp to a friend, indicating,  
according to Mr. Tawney's estimate of  
the situation, that the Hydrographic Bu-  
reau was preventing the enactment of  
legislation of economic value.

The allegation of a lobby by naval offi-  
cers is specific. It is sufficiently serious  
to justify further investigation, to the end,  
we have no doubt, that the naval officers  
will be able to justify all they have  
done. It will be well to know if there is  
a military or naval lobby, or if there are  
several such lobbies; and it would be  
equally advantageous and in the interest  
of justice to individuals to know if Mr.  
Tawney's allusions have any foundation  
in fact. Looking at the subject in this  
way, there is every reason why steps  
should be taken in Congress, if not in the  
Navy Department, to find out just what  
has been done.

## Easter.

There is little of Christianity in the  
name of Easter itself as it came into the  
language of Christendom; Easter being  
simply Eastre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess  
of spring. But no festival in all the  
year comes nigh this one in towering  
splendor, as it commemorates the most  
glorious festival of the Lord's resurrec-  
tion. No other event is like that. All  
other miracles beside it pale as pales the  
morning star its ineffable fires before  
the rising sun.

No wonder it was the chosen time for  
thousands to be baptized; the time for  
courts of justice to be closed, for the free-  
ing of the slaves and the wide distribu-  
tion of generous alms. No wonder that  
to this hour every Sunday remains, and  
is so regarded, as a lesser Easter day,  
whereby there is a weekly commemora-  
tion of that great event which  
Easter day itself commemorates annu-  
ally with high alleluias and resounding  
praises.

It will probably come as a surprise to  
many people to know that Easter day  
has by no means from the first been al-  
ways celebrated on a Sunday. The great  
mass of Eastern Christians celebrated  
the festival on the fourteenth day of the  
first Jewish month, or moon, without re-  
gard to the day itself. The Western  
Christians, on the other hand, celebrated  
it on the Sunday after the fourteenth  
day.

The Christianity of Britain, as being  
due in part to Eastern sources and in  
part to Western, presented for centuries  
sad spectacles of brethren striving with  
brethren for the solution of this same  
question. Finally, after long years of  
wrangling, Sunday observance was de-  
cided upon.

Next Sunday that old question, settled  
these 1,300 years ago, will be in the minds  
of none. No preacher will try to per-  
suade his congregation that the Westerners  
were right and the Easterners were  
wrong. They take that for granted.  
They do not deem it wise to occupy the  
time in slaying dead men.

Notwithstanding the sad fate of our  
Washington "czar," Ferdinand of Bul-  
garia still wishes to be one.

"The Washington Herald holds that  
Speaker Cannon's delay in putting the  
question on the Norris resolution was  
justifiable, if on no other ground, in the  
desire for a full, representative expres-  
sion by the House, only to be had with  
the members in their seats. But has  
Mr. Cannon always manifested such an  
anxious desire for a full, representative

expression by the House on all ques-  
tions, esteemed?" asks the Bristol Her-  
ald-Courier. Well, suppose you draw a  
specific indictment against him, and we  
may be able to join the issue with you.

"The Duke of Orleans is ready to be  
King of France," says the Boston Herald.  
He is the only thing that seems ready,  
however.

A couple danced fifteen hours and six  
minutes in San Francisco recently. Oh,  
yes; there are people in the world just  
that silly!

Something large and Democratic seems  
to have dropped up in Massachusetts, all  
right.

"They are really going to try prohibition  
in Chicago," says the Atlantic Journal.  
Give it the formality of a trial, eh? One  
would have thought Chicago might lynch  
it outright.

One of the beautiful dreams of the  
yesterday that is not coming true is the  
income tax amendment.

Edward Payson Weston walks so fast  
and so incessantly that he is hard to  
catch with birthday greetings, notwith-  
standing the fact that he is well up in  
his seventies.

"We doubt," says a contemporary, "that  
the House is any better off than it was  
before." But it was a famous victoree-e-e-e.

Mr. Frank Hitchcock probably does not  
face the future any too hopefully.

Gov. Haskell has been exonerated.  
The election being over, however, the  
governor will have to content himself  
with small headlines and a short story  
concerning the same.

F. Hopkinson Smith says: "New York  
does not know how to treat a stranger."  
The Houston Post considers that the  
depth of depravity, because it under-  
stands the word treat to mean "set 'em  
up" only.

Gov. Vardaman says his defeat for  
the Senate was brought about by a com-  
bination of bad money and whisky. The  
governor is a poor loser, evidently.

The New York Telegram says there  
are only nine real "insurgents" in the  
House, the remainder being mere "trim-  
mers." Still, we have an idea "Uncle  
Joe" thinks there were more than nine  
who took part in his "trimming."

"King Edward has a cold?" Why not?  
The gladsome springtime is no respecter  
of royalty.

"Is kissing unhygienic?" asks the  
Richmond News Leader. Perhaps. And  
yet that phase of it never stopped a well-  
intentioned kiss in this world, we think.

Tom Watson has now attacked Con-  
gressman Hardwick, his immediate  
neighbor and erstwhile political chum.  
By and by, the Hon. Tom is going to  
run out of friends to attack.

"Are we losing the use of our hands?"  
Inquires Sir Frederick Treves. "Uncle  
Joe" Cannon doubtless is willing to admit  
that the hands dealt him lately have all  
been of the losing sort.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Now Is the Time.  
From the Atlanta Constitution.  
Now is the time to subscribe to the Congressional  
Record.

Signal of Distress.  
From the Birmingham News.  
The S. O. S. signal is coming from the Republican  
ship of state with growing frequency.

The Status.  
From the New York Press.  
If the public did not let the corporations what the  
corporations do to the public, they'd want to put  
the whole human race in jail.

President Should Be Happy.  
From the Philadelphia North American.  
The most careful man in America today for last  
week's proceedings in the House of Representatives  
should be President William Howard Taft.

Still in the Ring.  
From the Houston Post.  
"Uncle Joe" may be minus a collar button and  
plus a few extra of coat plaster, but he's there yet,  
and some of his enemies will ascertain the fact  
before very long.

Dr. Cook an Expert.  
From the Wichita Eagle.  
An expert is said to be needed in examining Com-  
mander Peary's records of his discovery of the  
North pole. Why not turn them over to Dr. Cook?  
He knows more about getting up such records than  
any other man.

A Comparison in Our Favor.  
From the Springfield Republican.  
By these figures at the midwinter and hitting  
the heads of the premier and one of his colleagues  
the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies presents a  
timely comparison with the popular legislative body  
in Washington.

Mr. Underwood's Part.  
From the Birmingham News.  
The conspicuous part played by Representative  
Underwood, of Alabama, in the war on Cannonism  
Clubs, to the gratification of the entire country, the  
bandana, and particularly those of the Ninth Con-  
gressional district, have every reason to feel proud  
of his achievements.

The Moving Picture in Surgery.  
From the Bellows Falls Herald.  
We looked with emotion upon the late,  
never-to-be-forgotten Prof. Berkmann in  
the act of amputating a limb, and later  
there was thrown upon the screen every  
detail of an abdominal operation. Other  
operations were shown, and then the  
spectator saw in magnified pictures the  
pulsations of a frog's heart and the  
movement of the stomach and the diges-  
tive organs. Among the most interesting  
of the pictures was the series which  
showed the effect of various poisons on  
the heart actions.

## "ALL ROADS THAT LEAD TO GOD ARE GOOD."

All roads that lead to God are good.  
What matters it, your faith, or mine?  
Both center at the goal divine  
Of love's eternal brotherhood.

The kindly life in house or street,  
The life of prayer, and mystic rite,  
The student's search for truth and light,  
These paths at one great junction meet.

Before the oldest book was writ,  
Full many a prehistoric soul  
Arrived at this unclouded goal,  
Through clanging loaves that led to it.

What matters that our found his Christ  
In rising sun, or burning star,  
If faith within him did not tire,  
His longing for the truth sufficed.

Before our modern hell was brought  
To ridy a modern world,  
Full many a hate-filled soul was hurled  
In lakes of fire by its own thought.

A thousand creeds have come and gone,  
But what is that to you and me?  
Creeds are but branches of a tree,  
The root of love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch perished withered wood,  
The root is warm with precious juice;  
Then keep your faith as I leave no mine;  
All roads that lead to God are good.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SOCIETY PLAY.  
To build a parlor drama  
There is a simple code.  
You bother not  
About the plot  
Or any episode.  
To build a parlor drama  
Need no dialect;  
No fall of snow,  
No winds to blow  
Or other stage effect.  
To build a parlor drama  
The recipe is pat.  
Supply your hands  
With epigrams  
And let it go at that.

A Scheme.  
"This comet scares a lot of people. It  
is bound to hit us, but they say it is  
nothing but dust."  
"Then why not set up a few vacuum  
machines and absorb the darn thing?"

All Eaten.  
"I'm glad these pole hunters are  
through."  
"Why?"  
"I wouldn't like to see the Eskimo dog  
become extinct."

Another Way.  
"Why don't you throw away this old  
junk? It is of no use to any one."  
"But that would make me feel waste-  
ful."  
"Then give it away, and feel chari-  
table."

Better Pay.  
When grim domestic warfare has  
Involved our flat,  
The price of peace is quoted as  
An Easter hat.

A Disgruntled Voter.  
"My Congressman ain't sent me no free  
seeds or nuthin'."  
"Well?"  
"Yet before election he pretended to  
keep a card index."

Horror of Spring.  
"If we have a stormy spring the peach  
crop will be ruined."  
"And if we have only balmy weather?"  
"Then the joke crop will be a failure."

The Social Whirl.  
"What are your days at home? I would  
like to visit you."  
"I am too busy to have days at home.  
I have telephone hours."

"But what if I ring you up and can't  
get you?"  
"Your duty will be done. That consti-  
tutes a call."

## "NOTICE" SIGNS FAIL.

Mental Suggestion Kicks Backward  
Before "Keep Out" Placards.  
From the Kansas City Times.

Wonderful thing, this mental sugges-  
tion! Everybody says so.  
All of us have heard that old story  
about the athlete who was reduced to  
riding in an invalid coach by his friends  
and others who told him that his color  
was bad and that he looked sick, when  
he really was in perfect condition. He  
had been in the habit of taking off about  
all the clothes that he could pass the  
policeman without, and running to Lees  
Summit every evening after he had fin-  
ished his day's work in the coal mine—  
but the mental suggestion business soon  
stopped all of that.

You can think suggestion at a person,  
or talk it at him. It works just the  
same in print—they say. But you can  
hedge in a lawn with "keep off the  
grass" signs, and right there is where  
suggestion lies down on the job and be-  
gins to kick backward.

That lawn may be the worst for  
walking purposes in the neighborhood,  
but immediately that sign inspires in the  
heart of everyone who sees it a burning  
desire to leave the sidewalk and tread  
on the lawn. Life would be one long,  
aching void to him unless he walked  
there. He discovers that the vague,  
haunting desire that has nagged his soul  
for the last three years has come to a  
head in the resistless longing to climb  
over the fence, fight the dog, choke the  
janitor, and stroll, walk, run, and amble  
on that lawn.

Take the experience of a man who owns  
a stone wall out in the northeast part  
of town.  
"I put a sign on that wall," he said,  
"and it reads 'keep off this wall.' I never  
had seen anyone walk on it, but I  
wanted to beat them to it and keep them  
off for good. The day after I put that  
sign up the kids from a nearby school  
had a parade on the wall. Before the  
week was gone, boys who lived out on  
the South Side were walking twenty-five  
blocks out of their way home to get to  
walk on that wall. In a month they  
had the top layer of stone worn off."

"Suppose you had to station an armed  
guard there to save your wall from wear-  
ing out?" suggested his friend.

"Not so," answered he of the wall. "I  
changed the sign to 'Please walk on this  
wall,' and nobody has walked there since.  
With a loaded gun you couldn't make  
a boy put his foot on top of it, and  
before I had caught grown men in the  
act of shamefacedly climbing up to dis-  
obey that notice."

So there you are. Did you ever enter  
a room that was filled solidly with to-  
bacco vapor, cough your way to a wall  
and discover that it was papered with  
"no smoking" signs? Very likely some-  
body had never before held a cigar and  
couldn't resist resisting that sign.

And there may be hunters who can  
prevent themselves from climbing for-  
ward fences and shooting game from  
the top of "posted" signs—but if they  
do they are sure afterward to be haunt-  
ed with the regret that they did keep  
out as requested. For that notice al-  
ways makes you think that the farm  
so billed raises nothing except game  
that would run to you and look into  
your shotgun barrel with an expression  
of expectancy while it waited for you  
to pull the trigger.

"But the greatest of these are the  
'fresh paint' signs," says a painter—a  
man who colors houses and things and  
opposed to him who uses a palette. "You  
tack a sign like that on a building and  
people will fight to get close enough to  
pull their finger on the paint. They are  
inspired by a mixture of love for dis-  
obedience and natural human skepticism.  
And away down in their hearts there is  
a vague gold-bricked feeling if the paint  
is so dry that a little of it doesn't come  
off on their fingers. But if an examina-  
tion of the explorative finger vindicates  
the sign there is a sigh of satisfaction.  
Yes, it's fresh paint all right," the skep-  
tic announces to himself as he absently  
wipes off the color on his best suit of  
clothes."

## Past Performances.

From the Buffalo News.  
"Why is Corway scratch in the sprint?  
He hasn't any record, has he?"  
"He has to run every morning to catch  
his suburban car."



Senator Beveridge is now an out-and-  
out insurgent. He is "clean off the reser-  
vation." The Indiana Club at Harvard  
University has fixed his status. The news  
was brought to Washington in a tele-  
gram which Senator Beveridge was show-  
ing to his colleagues yesterday to prove  
that there is now no longer any doubt of  
his insurgency. The telegram reads as  
follows:

The Indiana Club of Harvard University, at its  
annual banquet, unanimously indorse your record  
as an insurgent Senator. We trust that you will  
meet with success and again represent Indiana in the  
Senate.

HOWARD CARL REED,  
Secretary.

Senator Keen's principal duty in the  
Senate is to watch the calendar. The  
Senator is near-sighted and is obliged to  
hold the calendar close to his eyes. When  
the Senator takes up the bills in order, he  
stands, calendar up to his face, and gets  
his name into the record with "Let that  
go over." Occasionally he nudges Sena-  
tor Heyburn on his left and the Idahoan  
knows what is meant and cuckoo, "Let  
that go over."

The Senator picked up the wrong calen-  
dar yesterday and he and his mentor got  
mixed in their dates. It was a temporary  
mix, however, for the Jersey statesman  
soon discovered the mistake and so in-  
formed the bulky Westerner.

It was pretty warm in the House yester-  
day, not in debate but in temperature.  
It was so warm that Representative  
Hamilton Fish, the New York insurgent  
went out on one of the porticos and  
spent considerable time with his secre-  
tary writing a dissertation, presumably  
on "insurgency, its cause and effect."

The events of last Saturday still linger  
in the minds of the regulars in the House.  
Newspaper articles and pictures illustrat-  
ing the events have a sort of fascination  
for Uncle Joe and his lieutenants. Repre-  
sentatives Tawney and Olmsted, and the  
Speaker gathered in a group around the  
Speaker's chair and digested a half  
ton reproduction in a Western paper of  
one of the incidents of the fatal day.

Tawney pointed to his picture, and Olm-  
sted laughed over the size of his photo in  
the foreground. And, above all, was a  
fine reproduction of the Speaker stand-  
ing, gavel in hand. Statesmen, without  
exception, invariably show deep interest in  
pictures and caricatures of themselves in  
the daily press.

The official guides at the Capitol are  
not only proficient in the art of speech  
and explanation, but are scientists as  
well. They not only know every nook  
and corner in the great building, the his-  
tory of every stone and painting, but  
they are adepts on sound and its effect.

When a guide takes a party of visitors  
into one of the halls of Congress it is  
part of his business to point out the  
prominent members on the floor and tell  
other things of historical interest about  
the men seen there. If the guide speaks  
so as to be heard by his party, his voice  
would disturb the proceedings. To obviate  
this, he holds his hat in front of his face  
and talks into it. The voice is inaudible  
to the persons on the floor, yet the sound  
is diffused in such a manner that every  
person in the party can easily understand  
what is said.

Of all the Senators at the Capitol, Sena-  
tor Warren gets over the ground with  
more speed than any other. He comes in  
with a rush, looks over the papers scat-  
tered on the top of his desk, bolts out  
to his committee room, in again and out  
again, always busy and on the go. Sena-  
tor Warren's faculty for transacting  
business is the wonder of his colleagues.  
The business acumen of the New Eng-  
lander is joined with the hustling activity  
of the Westerner. Senator Warren was  
born in Massachusetts, but has been  
identified with the business interests of  
the West since 1883. His committee as-  
signments are such as to require a hust-  
ler. He is chairman of the Military Af-  
fairs Committee and is an influential  
member of the committees on Appropria-  
tions, Public Buildings and Grounds, Pub-  
lic Expenditures, and Rules. To all of these  
he gives attention, his Western life and  
experience enabling him to do a great  
amount of work.

## TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Maundy Thursday—March 24.

Only in a very few countries is the cus-  
tom still observed of feet washing, which  
gave the name to Maundy Thursday, the  
Thursday preceding Easter, in Holy  
Week. The name is derived from "man-  
datum," the first word of the service  
chanted at the washing of the feet of the  
pilgrims on that day, which is taken  
from John, xiii.34. This feet-washing is  
of very ancient usage, being referred to  
by St. Augustine, and both in ancient  
and modern times it was accompanied  
by a distribution of "doles," which were  
handed to the pilgrims in small baskets,  
thence called "maunds."

In the royal usage of the maund in  
England the number of doles distributed  
were reckoned by the years of the mon-  
arch. The distribution of doles was re-  
tained until 1838. The name "Holy Thurs-  
day" is often erroneously given to  
"Maundy Thursday," but properly "Holy  
Thursday" is Ascension Day.

Our Saviour washed the feet of His  
disciples on the eve of his passion, and  
ecclesiastics, small and great; laymen of  
eminence, not excepting sovereigns,  
princes, and other members of royalty,  
have thought it fitting, in the spirit of  
their religion, to lay by personal dignity  
on this occasion and condescend to the  
menial act of washing the feet of pau-  
pers.

Cardinal Wolsey is noted as having  
made his maund in 1530. In Our Lady's  
Chapel, having fifty-nine poor men, whose  
feet he washed and kissed, and after he  
had wiped them he gave every one of the  
said poor men 12 pence in money, three  
ells of good canvas to make them shirts,  
a pair of new shoes, a east of red ber-  
rings, the number of poor men being in  
correspondence of his age.

The King of England was formerly ac-  
customed on Maundy Thursday to have  
brought before him as many poor men  
as he was years old, whose feet he  
washed with his own hands, after which  
his majesty's maunds, consisting of meat,  
clothes, and money, were distributed  
among them.